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Besieged by Cheyennes

By A. H. GIBSON.

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CHAPTER III.

The young ranchman held her half fainting form to his breast.

Silas Jordan's startling announcement caused more than one cheek to pale with untold apprehensions as they glanced toward the women, who had during the siege clung together in intense terror, all but Lois Gilbert and Martha Severy. They had helped their defenders, had stood by them with a bravery that had the effect to strengthen and encourage the men.

"It's ther sad truth," said the old commander, breaking the silence and pointing to the scanty remainder of the powder.

It was terribly true. They would be unable to withstand such another attack as the Cheyennes had been waging against them that night.

"What can we do?" appealed one of the settlers.

"I didn't count on no sich long siege as ther imps kep' up," said old Silas rather huskily. "I thought our powder'd hold out till we uns could clean 'em cl'ar out."

"Here, boys," he continued, speaking cheerfully, "I'll divide up wot powder thar is equally among we uns, an when ther Injuns come swoopin back yer'll hev ter do ther best yer kin under ther existin sarcumstances."

Lois Gilbert's keen ears had caught enough of the dialogue between the settlers to comprehend the situation.

As old Silas dealt out an equal quantity of the powder to each man, a daring plan entered her head.

"Mr. Jordan," she said, approaching the commander and placing a hand on his arm, "I want permission to leave the blockhouse."

"Ter leave ther blockhouse," he repeated, gazing down into her resolute dark eyes.

"Yes, sir; I want to return to our shanty."

"Ther Cheyennes hev found it out an hev destroyed it 'fore this. Besides thar's too much danger ter 'low yer to go now."

"I realize the danger and I am resolved to go," she returned. "It's nothing in the shanty I want."

"Wot do yer want ter go for, Lois?"

"Powder."

"Powder!" broke simultaneously from the lips of every settler.

"Yes. I know the situation here. No need to disguise it from me. Father has a whole can of powder which he got for blasting rock. Before leaving the shanty I hid it with our goods up in the rocks, where I know the Cheyennes won't find it. I will go and fetch the powder."

"If we uns hed it thar's leetle doubt but we uns could keep ther Injuns off fer er long while," said old Silas. "But yer not goin, Lois."

"Yes, I am," resolutely.

"If ther Cheyennes don't git my scalp, Lee Hutchins would take it sure if I 'lowed yer ter resk yer life thet erway," answered old Silas, trying to jest.

"I don't intend that any one shall be scalped," replied Lois. "You need the powder, and I am going after it."

"Yer kain't go er foot, Lois, an no one will darst go over ter ther bluffs ter ketch yer pony. Ther Injuns air betwixt we uns an ther critters."

"You have a boat, Mr. Jordan," she said quickly.

"Yes."

"I know how to manage a boat as well as a pony. I can go down the river and back again in a very short time."

"It'd be mighty good to hev thet power o' Mose's, but I kain't spare a man to send after it, an I kain't see yer take ther venture, Lois."

"The chances are if any one would attempt to fetch it he'd either be captured or killed by the Cheyennes," remarked one of the settlers.

"Yes," approved old Silas. "Better stick together an take our chances here at the fort."

"You need not oppose me, for my mind is made up. I shall go," and the girl's face flushed with the spirit of her brave resolve.

"I know that we cannot afford to spare a single man from here. But I know where the powder is, and I can be spared. Think of the innocent lives that depend on the success of my venture, then help, don't hinder, me."

It required considerable time for Lois to overcome the opposition to her starting on her perilous mission. Mrs. Gilbert clung to her, reluctant to see her depart.

At last she struggled from her mother's embrace, and wrapping a dark shawl about her shoulders followed old Silas out of the blockhouse.

The clouds in the east were thickening and obscured the light of the ascending moon.

Outside the cabin they listened. No sounds came from the group of trees down the hill, back of which the Cheyennes had retired.

They were holding a new council or taking a respite from the obstinate contest.

Satisfied there were no Indians prowling around, old Silas and Lois crept down the opposite side of the hill toward the river.

Jordan found the skiff where he kept it concealed among the rocks. He was not long in launching it, and when Lois had seated herself in the boat he handed her her father's revolver, saying:

"God bless yer, Lois, and send yer safe back!"

"He will; never fear," she answered in full faith.

Lois Gilbert was no stranger to the water. All her life her parents had lived along some stream and she had learned to handle the oars with much skill.

Silas Jordan lay on the bank for some time watching the girl as she urged the little skiff up the Arkansas.

When she was out of sight he crawled back to the cabin, where his presence might be needed at any moment.

As the skiff bore her farther away from the blockhouse a feeling of loneliness and dread crept over her.

It was strangely quiet out on the river. Only the occasional cry of some night bird along the shore, or the dismal yelps of coyotes far off on the prairies, broke the awful stillness which had succeeded the confusion of the attack on Jordan's hill.

Every stroke of the light oars carried her farther and farther away from her friends.

Finally she realized more forcibly the full danger of her position.

Every lone tree and clump of bushes that loomed up dimly on the banks on either side of her in her imagination must reveal a lurking redskin.

She kept on, however, and strove diligently to drown all thought of peril to herself in thinking of the great danger of the settlers at Jordan's should the siege be renewed with as much force as the Cheyennes had displayed in the early part of that night.

"Why should I fear?" Lois asked herself. "He is risking his life for others. Why should not I?"

The thought encouraged her, and she urged the skiff forward with all possible speed.

It was more than three miles by the river to the Gilbert shanty, but Lois made the trip without encountering any adventure worth recording.

When she stepped from the skiff, which she left at the foot of the bluffs, all her old courage seemed to return.

She did not, however, lay all precaution aside. She reconnoitered the path before her very carefully as she went toward the cave where the goods had been concealed.

She had prepared to see her sod home in ruins. Imagine her surprise when its rough dark outlines arose before her, standing undisturbed in its rocky niche.

The Indians had not yet been there, or else they had considered the rude habitation of too vast insignificance to destroy.

Reaching the little cavern up among the bluffs she displaced the rocks at the entrance with great cautiousness. Taking out the can of powder she hastily transferred it to the skiff.

With a grateful heart Lois was pushing the little boat away from the shore. Suddenly the clouds overhead parted for a moment, letting the moon pour a shower of silvery rays across the bosom of the Arkansas. The next moment a savage whoop from the opposite bank rang wildly out on the night air.

With a sudden terror Lois realized that she had been detected by a lurking redskin.

Almost immediately an arrow whizzed through the air dangerously close to the girl's head.

Filled with alarm though she was, she did not lose command of herself.

Grasping the oars firmly in her well trained hands, she pushed dauntlessly forward down the river.

If she had but one enemy to contend with she felt pretty confident of her own ability to protect herself. Her father's revolver, carefully loaded, lay by her side and she knew how to discharge it.

She dared not, however, hope for so easy an escape. It was not at all likely that the Indian who had spied her was alone.

Glancing over her shoulder as she plied the oars she caught sight of three stalwart Cheyennes running rapidly along a sand bar which extended for some distance into the stream.

Another glance sufficed to show her that they were trying to unloosen a large canoe which was partly imbedded in the heavy sand.

The canoe was one which her father had made and had been carried by the last rise of the river to the bar on the opposite side. Having no immediate use for the canoe he had not taken the time to reclaim it from where the waves had stranded it.

Little the Gilbert family, who had enjoyed many trips down the river in its rude cavity, dreamed that it would ever serve their enemies as a craft in which one of its members would be pursued.

Lois observed with a feeling of thankfulness that the Indians were floundering about in the sand, as if in a hopeless condition of getting the canoe launched.

"They're in the quicksand at the edge of the bar!" she cried to herself, shooting another glance toward her foes.

"All the better for me! I'll have a good start before they get out of that sand."

With a courageous heart Lois sent the skiff, with its doubly precious cargo, bounding like a frightened bird over the water.

Two arrows sped after her, but she was already too far from the vexed warriors, struggling on the verge of the quicksand, to prove an easy target.

A curtain of dense clouds again swept across the moon's face, rendering objects along the river dim and uncertain, and greatly increasing the vexation of the Indians.

Not for one moment did Lois Gilbert slacken the speed at which she was urging her skiff forward.

The quicksand on the bar opposite her home and where Mose Gilbert had once had an unpleasant experience might befriend her in delaying the Cheyennes for a short time, but she knew they would be able to extricate themselves and secure the canoe. All too soon they would be hurrying after her.

In the meantime, though, she put forth every effort to make as great headway as possible before the pursuit actually began.

She was not wrong in her belief that the savages would be able to free themselves from the quicksand.

She had not proceeded far around a small bend in the river when the unmistakable dip, dip of a canoe's paddles fell on her ears.

"They're really after me now in earnest," she told herself. "Well, I'm a good way ahead, and I'll try to keep that way."

Taking a deep breath, she bent to her task with renewed energy.

The little boat seemed fairly to fly along over the water, but fast as it went she could still hear the dip, dip of her enemy's paddles as they came steadily onward after her.

The moon was dimly visible now behind a mass of filmy clouds and objects were becoming faintly discernible.

Lois glanced back to ascertain if possible how near her pursuers were.

She could just make out the dull outline of the long canoe and its dusky occupants as they swept around the bend. She could not, however, estimate the distance between herself and them, though fear made it seem less than it actually was.

The sharp eyes of the Cheyennes saw the skiff with its solitary occupant far ahead of them, and uttering a chorus of savage whoops, which echoed wildly from bank to bank, they shoved the canoe forward at an impetuous rate.

Lois realized that it must be a race for life with her there on the Arkansas, where she had spent several careless afternoons in the very craft now pursuing her.

Even in that time of peril she could not help thinking of one particular afternoon in June when Lee Hutchins, mounted on his pony, had ridden along the bank as she idly floated, not far away, in the old canoe. They had conversed little, but it had left an indelible impression on her mind.

But the yells of the pursuing Indians drove her happy memory away. Shutting her lips firmly, she strove to force the skiff along with all the vigor which she was able to command.

Work as she did to keep ahead, she began to see that her foes were surely, if slowly, gaining on her.

Presently the arrows began darting after her, confirming her greatest fears that with every dip of their paddles the enemy was drawing nearer.

"I'll not give up till I have to," Lois observed to herself. "If the moon would only stay hid!"

But it showed no disposition to do so, and two or three times she was obliged to dodge the arrows of her exulting foes.

She dared not relinquish the oars a second to risk a shot from the revolver at her side. It might do no good, and would doubtless give the Indians a dangerous advance.

It was very toilsome, as well as terrifying. Great drops of sweat stood on her forehead, and the muscles of her arms ached from the unnatural strain placed upon them.

She was beginning to feel strangely weak and nerveless. And she was two miles from Jordan's; she could never reach it now. Despair seemed suddenly to have swallowed all her courage.

But she did not relax her hold upon the oars, and the race continued a little longer.

"Whiz!" an arrow came hissing through the air. It pierced a fold of her dress, but left her untouched.

The canoe was almost upon the skiff, and as the Cheyennes beheld the success of their last arrow they set up a triumphant shout.

A moment more and Lois believed her doom would be sealed.

"Pang! Pang!" came two reports in rapid succession from among the bushes on the right bank of the river.

Instantly two sharp cries of mortal agony arose from the canoe, and two of the braves with a heavy plash fell headlong into the water and were swept from view.

The remaining Cheyenne began paddling frantically for the other bank, when another broadside from the cottonwood bushes caused the canoe to capsize and left him struggling in the swift current in the middle of the stream.

Another quick report put an end to the Indian's struggles, and he found a grave with his companions.

Lois had watched this tragic play from the skiff, where she sat as one suddenly changed to stone.

Who could her deliverer be? Doubtless Silas Jordan or one of the settlers from the blockhouse, she thought.

She was soon, however, allowed to see her mistake as a manly form arose from concealment among the bushes and stood revealed in the subdued moonlight on the bank of the Arkansas.

"Lee! Lee!" she cried, unable to control herself.

"Lois, my darling!" and he stretched out his strong arms toward her.

She pushed the skiff toward him, obeying a force which she could not resist.

In another moment the young ranchman held her half fainting form to his breast and pressed his lips to her brow.

One moment of this bliss, then Lois released herself and told her lover what had brought her out on such a perilous mission.

"You are a dear, brave girl, Lois," he said tenderly as he started the skiff toward Jordan's.

"Tell me, Lee, how you happened to be here?" she asked, her face glowing from the gentle fervor of his praise.

"I warned the Plum Creek settlers and helped them fortify themselves in a large dugout. Then I started over to Jordan's," he returned.

"Oh, Lee! What made you venture alone again out on the prairies?" she cried.

"Wasn't some one at Jordan's dearer than all the world to me?" he whispered softly. "How could I stay away from you, Lois, when I knew such fearful danger threatened? I had done my duty at Plum Creek, and must return to defend the one I love."

"It was your love that saved me, Lee."

"Thank God that I was here to defend you!" he murmured. "It was sunset when I started back from Plum Creek. I had only gone about four miles when I almost rode into a little camp of Cheyennes down in a ravine. They had been slaughtering cattle and were preparing for a big supper. Before I could retreat I was seen, and three of the party gave chase. My pony was fagged out and I knew I could never escape on it. So I abandoned the pony and ran down a deep gully, and by hiding often managed to elude my pursuers. It took me a good while to reach the Arkansas, but when I did I started as fast as I could for Silas Jordan's, where I hoped to find you safe. Suddenly I heard the redskins yell out up the river. At first I thought they had discovered my trail and were after me. I concealed myself and waited. Presently the moon came out clear enough for me to see the race between you and those villains. When I saw that the pursued one was you I feared there had been a massacre of the settlers and you had fled to the skiff for refuge I made up my mind to save you or die with you."

"God is good," said Lois, laying a hand on Lee's shoulder.

They reached the cabin safe, but scarcely had they received the congratulations of their friends on their remarkable escape when the Cheyennes, with loud whoops, rushed forward to renew the siege.

No doubt they hoped to find the settlers drowsy and off their guard during the hours between midnight and dawn and counted on an easy victory. But the brave action of Lois Gilbert inspired those pioneers with fresh energy and courage, and the powder which she had risked so much to bring enabled them to fight back the enemy with a vehemence which was plainly a surprise to them.

Despite the obstinate resistance which the Cheyennes encountered in the settlers, they kept up the siege at intervals for several hours. Finally they withdrew to the cottonwoods, where a short conference was held; then they rode rapidly away over the prairies.

About noon the next day Mose Gilbert and a party of armed settlers arrived. They reported that the Cheyennes had crossed the river and were hurrying northward, leaving great destruction behind them.

It was some time after the events recorded in this story that the Cheyennes were forced by starvation to surrender to the troops of a fort in western Nebraska, and peace was at last restored.

Mose Gilbert found his cattle all right when the Indians were gone, but they poorly compensated for the great loss of his child, whose heart had been won by the young ranchman.

Lee Hutchins and his brave wife have a comfortable home in one of the growing towns of western Kansas. The young Hutchinses, of whom there are several, never tire of listening to their father relate their mother's exploit on the Arkansas during the Indian outbreak.

THE END.

A MEMORABLE JOURNEY.

[CONTINUED.]

But before we descend from this summit, let us glance at one or two of the paragraphs in the vast and splendid page before us. It is an unrolling page to the man of sight and insight. At the base is the Bitter Root Valley, worthy of Paradise before the Fall; yellow as gold, with ripened sheaves of grain, and watered with streams of silver, pure and as cold as the snows of Lebanon. Here in this valley are many objects of interest. Here are many Indian relics, and many traces of primitive and patriarchal civilization. And though there is a touch of sadness that comes over us as we see the vanishing away of one civilization and the uprising of another, yet all civilizations, governments and religions have a cradle and a grave. But it is a happy thought as the Old goes out, the New comes in with larger liberty and light. Here in this valley is the Flathead Indian reservation, and here lived that wonderful man, that prince of Catholics, Father Ravalle. Born in Italy, that land of the muses, educated in the finest schools of Europe, the possessor of several diplomas, he turned his back against all scholastic honors and ecclesiastical preferment, refusing to be called a Bishop or professor, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the Red men of the forest in order to be a living illustration of the love that seeketh not its own. In a former conversation with this saintly man, we were startled when he told us that during the fifty years of his missionary life he had seen ten years pass away without seeing the face of a white man. He might have filled a chair in some university, or edited some influential paper, or shepherded the flock of some metropolitan church, but he preferred to be the herald of a new civilization to the Indians and to live alone far away from the land of Dante, Angelo and Virgil.

By nature he was a singularly gifted man. His mind was capacious and fruitful, stored with the wisdom of the ages. It was a gallery of choice paintings. He was a charming conversationalist; the music and rhythm of his sentences recalling to mind the mellifluous monologues of Coleridge. He was an Erasmus in learning, a Taylor in sparkling imagery, a Martineau in breadth and Catholicity, an Elliot in seraphic consecration, a Kempis in radiant saintliness, a Channing in the love that suffereth long and is kind.

At this time he was nearing the close of his earthly pilgrimage. He had rounded more than half a century in missionary work among the Indians, and became fully acquainted with their medicinal plants and roots. He was a venerated figure and carried the title, "The Medicine Man." His gracious and benignant face radiated joy like beams from a sun and perfumes from a vase of spikenard. And well do I remember the deep hush that fell upon the Indians like night on a ruined city, when they heard of his near departure. He died as grandly as the sunsets he had often watched in that land of mystery and enchantment. How divinely beautiful to meet a clean and unselfish soul in a selfish and materialistic age! And how transporting the scene to witness a man of lordly intellect, of stainless integrity, of cultured grace and vernal innocence, giving his ALL to the Indians and dying in their midst as calmly as the fall of an autumn leaf!

"Thus 'mid mire and dirt,e'en here
The lilies of God's love appear."

On our return home we had a peculiar experience. On climbing the Bitter Root range of mountains, we looked back and saw a veil of mist hanging and shimmering over the valley. It skirted also the base of the mountain. The mist was silvery and translucent so that we could see the more inviting scenes in the valley behind us. And as we climbed, the mist thickened and followed us up the mountain side. Looking through the ravine we could see a huge fog-bank gathering from the other side. And when we reached the summit, there was but a small space between the two banks of fog, and in that space we stood environed with darkness. The sun was concealed. The sky a roof of blackness unrelieved by the faintest star. The winds whistled through the pines. The air was chilly and a few snow-flakes fell. But ere the two fog-banks came together in the direction of the valley, a foam of light having the colors of the opal and the luster of the diamond, flashed between the two, making it a scene impossible to describe. Were the eyes steeped in all its colors, and its magnificence absorbed by all the pores, then this superb panorama could not be told by stammering tongues and splintering pens. The mist soon disappeared and over that valley of grain, flower and fruit bent a sky of brilliant azure and of golden light.

We continued to wend our way among the trees following trails narrow and intricate and soon realized the full significance of the word—LOST. Through brush and thicket hiding the sunlight we wandered in search for an egress, but all in vain. We crawled through the dense undergrowth and came very near of being dimantled. We were lost in a pathless forest, and the strange and doleful sounds all around us added to our bewilderment. Our horses took in the situation and trembled with fear and fright. In my earlier years I had read of children lost in the woods beyond the power of finding. I had read how they wandered for days until overcome with hunger and fatigue, they made a bed of leaves and fell asleep in death. And it seemed that we were doomed to perish in the mountains far away from home and friends. We knew we were in the region given up to bears, panthers and other savage creatures of the forest and we had no weapons. In our wanderings, like a vessel in an unknown latitude, sometimes advancing, then regressing, we reached the declivity of a hill and paused to deliberate. From the side of this hill there was a dark and rugged ravine stretching down to some unknown region. I suggested the propriety of traveling down the ravine. This met with the disapproval of my companions. They reasoned with me and tried to convince me of the danger of such a step, thinking that below were deep chasms which would form an impassable barrier and over which would be inscribed the fatal words,

"All hope abandon ye who enter here."

But as there are impressions that leave their imprint on the sensitized plate of the mind, so the impression made on my mind was the ravine before us was an egress, notwithstanding its uninviting appearance. But here we disagreed, and here we separated. They were two to one, but truth is not always on the side of majorities. VOX POPULI vox Dei may be true in heaven but not on earth. The facts of history show that the voice of the people needed much rectification before it approached the faintest tone of the voice of God.

My companions searched for a more convenient place to descend the hill. I tried the ravine and found it a dismal place. There were huge bowlders and places where considerable brush had accumulated, forming a covering under which wild beasts could conceal themselves and leap upon their prey without a moment's warning. I pursued my way accompanied by my faithful horse, my heart beating most violently, expecting to fall a victim to animal ferocity. But after much perseverance, alternating between hope and despair, through tangled thickets, over rocks and down abysms, I discovered an Indian trail, and it led me down to a narrow vale through which a rapid stream rolled, called Rock Creek. The words of Watts were very appropriate with a slight modification:

"Sweet fields beyond the dark ravines
Stood dressed in living green,
So to the lost a valley gleamed
While Rock Creek rolled between."

And now my companions were far away and how to meet them was a difficult promblem to solve. There was only one way up the narrow vale, and having some blank paper in my saddle-bags, I wrote several notices as I passed along and fastened them to the trees. I knew my companions would see them should they be so fortunate as myself in emerging from the forest. I traveled about two miles and the grass being abundant, I removed the saddle from my horse and permitted him to graze. After resting for an hour and seeing not the faintest sign of my companions, I resolved to go to a little cabin twenty miles away and inform the stockmen of what had occurred. I traveled up the vale and soon, to my amazement, encountered a band of Indians. I tried to be as brave as my feelings would permit, and rode into their midst and stopped. They had just returned from a big hunt, and being successful, they were in a good humor, for which I was thankful. I chatted with them a little, told them of my companions and bade them adieu. I reached my destination in the evening in time for supper, and about two hours after, my companions arrived and we rejoiced together.

To be lost in the depths of a forest, a world of trees, packed and crammed with trees, peopled with savage beasts, expecting every moment to be torn to pieces, is to be affrighted, bewildered and amazed. To thread unbroken solitudes, to drag yourself through grots and caves

"Where highest woods impenetrable
To star or sunlight spread their umbrage broad,"

Is to have a vivid experience.

I had been lost before on the plains in the night, and in a blinding blizzard. But to be lost in a primeval forest and hear the scream of the panther, the growl of the bear, the voices of strange birds, and withal no weapons of defense, is a great deal worse. That journey was considered the most daring ever made in the Rocky mountains, for we had no arms, not even a match to kindle a fire, had we been compelled to pass the night in that solitary place. Other men had threaded the inky abysms of the forest, but not without their rifles and revolvers and a thorough equipment. But we were ministers of the gospel with naught but our Bibles and a little intellectual ammunition stored away in the bottom of our saddle-bags. Bibles may be poor things to use in a fight with lions and Indians, but we had learned how that unwavering faith in that Book and its Divine Author, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, annihilated armies, made the stake a throne of power, turned dripping garments into coronation robes, and twisted flames into crowns of glory.

But rambles in the mountains give flush and romance, sparkle and effervescence to life. It is good to get away from the rush and hurry of American life and bury ourselves in the ravines and canyons, the heights and depths of cloud-covered mountains. Away to the pure untrodden snow, the cool refreshing streams, the everlasting hills and the ever-burning stars. Away to tranquil scenes, to silent recesses amid the draperies of cloud and light, where angels speak and spirit-feet tread the grassy dells. Away to the peaks and crags, the verdant uplands, to gaze on the beauteous colors that tint the evening hills and breathe air freshened on the hights. Away to

"The mighty pyramids of stone,
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As to higher levels rise."

And in this rising to higher levels the world is cutting and carving new cameos from the colors of human lives. Originally a cameo was only a costly stone carved in relief and composed of stratas of colors so arranged as to be harmonious and so as to enhance and set off each other. But the vision of the world has enlarged and we are now engaged in chiseling spiritual cameos, the glory of which outshines all the onyx and agate stones that made famous the Augustan age. We are carving images of the true, the beautiful and the good. J. B. WHITFORD.

Oxford, Mich.

The First Law of Nature.

This self-preservation is acknowledged to be, and people who adopt against the encroaches of disease a genuine medicinal safe-guard, accredited by experience and the sanction of physicians afford a happy illustration of the wisdom of the saying, in the health they restore and continue to enjoy. Among melodies, against the growth of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords efficient protection, diseases of the kidneys and bladder are fraught with the almost peril and exhibit great obstinacy when opposed by ordinary means. The Bitters can and will subdue them. No testimony is stronger than this. Used at the outset and persistently, the best results may be expected. This medicine also eradicates liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism and nervousness.

The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years, which were sure to lay him up if not doctored at once. He finds that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is reliable. It opens the secretion, relieves the lungs and restores the system to a healthy condition. If freely used as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the attack and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold.—[Northwestern Hotel Reporter, Des Moines, Iowa. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. m

Judge Fleming, of Muhlenberg County, Says:

Greenville, Ky., April 25th, 1891.

Carlstedt Medicine Co., Evansville, Ind.

Gents:—Not long since I had occasion to use your German Liver Powder for torpid liver and indigestion. It acts like a charm and sets a man's liver up all right. My wife also used it for sick and nervous headache, and it gave her great relief. I can very cheerfully recommend the German Liver Powder to all persons who are troubled with an inactive liver or any billious affection. D. J. FLEMING, J. M. C. C.

For sale by Williams, Bell & Co.

A GOOD RECORD. "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for ten years," says druggist E. B. Legg, of Vail, Ia., "and have always warranted it and never had a bottle returned. During the past 90 days I have sold twelve dozen and it has given perfect satisfaction in every instance." It does not dry up a cough, but loosens and relieves it. It will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. 25 cent, 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. m

Dyspepsia.

Symptoms—Dizziness, headache, constipation, variable appetite, souring of food, distress after eating. German Liver Syrup is guaranteed to cure dyspepsia if faithfully used according to directions, or your druggist will refund the money to any person not satisfied after using the whole or part of the bottle. 50c and $1.00 per bottle at Williams, Bell & Co.'s drug store. Sample bottle free.

We sell more Plantation Chill Cure than any other chill and fever medicine, and do you know why? Because it never fails to cure. For sale by Williams, Bell & Co.

S. L. MITCHELL, Beaver Dam.
M. V. CAMPFIELD, Rockport.
THE MONTAGUES, Cromwell.
R. T. MILLER, Preelis.
G. W. BAIRD, Fordsville.

S.S.S.
CURES SCROFULA

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain. INHERITED SCROFULA
MRS. T. L. MATHERS, Matherville, Miss.
Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED
PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.
DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, M'VICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Warranted for Five Years.
LOW ARM
ONLY
$20

HIGH ARM $25.00.

OUR FAVORITE SINGER
Drop Leaf, Fancy Cover, Large Drawers, Nickel Rings, Tucker, Ruffler, Binder, Four Widths of Hemmers
Sent on trial. Delivered in your home free of freight charges. Buy only of Manufacturers. Save Canvassers' Commissions. Get New Machines. Address for Circulars and Testimonials.
Co-Operative Sewing Machine Company, 209 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists
The Consumptive and Feeble and all who suffer from exhausting diseases should use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Female Weakness, Rheumatism and Pain. 50c. & $1.
HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

RIPANS TABULES
REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS, AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR
Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.
Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Pleasant to take, safe, effectual. Give immediate relief.
Sold by druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents. Address
THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.
10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

HOW I EARNED AN ISLAND.

Enterprising Young Man: True & Co. instructed and started me. I worked steadily and made money faster than I expected to. I became able to buy an island and build a small summer hotel. If I don't succeed at that, I will go to work again at the business in which I made my money. True & Co.: Shall we instruct and start you, reader? If we do, and if you work industriously, you will in due time be able to buy an island and build a hotel, if you wish to. Money can be earned at our new line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This entirely new lead brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment—we teach you FREE. This is an age of marvelous things, and here is another great, useful, wealth giving wonder. Great gains will reward every industrious worker. Wherever you are, and whatever you are doing, you want to know about this wonderful work at once. Delay means much money lost to you. No space to explain here, but if you will write to us, we will make all plain to you FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Box 400, Augusta, Maine.

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CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.
Prepared by RICHARDSON-TAYLOR MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.

Go to C. L. Field, Hartford, for All Kinds of Livery

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR HIS SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT OF MAMMOTH STOCK OF BUGGIES, CARTS, SPRING WAGONS, ETC.

Hartford Weekly Herald.

B. D. RINGO, F. L. FELIX, } Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription - $1.50 per Year

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

GENERAL GUSTAVE T. BEAUREGARD, the last but one of the Confederate Generals, died at his home in New Orleans Monday night. General Kirby Smith is now the only living full General who fought for the Lost Cause.

NOBODY can fail to admire the matchless charity which moved the mighty heart of Charles Eaves to ask for mercy for the heartless murderer of the daughter whom he loved so well, but the result of his tenderness of heart has been very unfortunate. Bert Wing ought to have been hanged. His escape from the death sentence was a blow at justice and good order, and it now remains for some chicken-hearted Governor at some future time to pardon and turn loose upon the world again the most heartless criminal ever produced by Western Kentucky. The jury which kept this murderer above ground was not of the kind to give criminals or virtuous men a decent respect for law or the judgment of juries.

SUCH sensational and alarmist journals as the *Farmers' and Laborers' Journal* of Owensboro are in great straits for fireworks material these times. The farmers are paying an unjust tariff tax which Democrats have been fighting for years and which a triumphant Democracy has promised to correct. With the prospect of an honest administration of the Government by the Democratic party, everything the farmer has to sell has risen to prices unprecedented in recent years. The only farmer who now has reason to complain of anything save that of which the Democracy complains, is the farmer who—like some journals which do not journalize—does not farm. When the alleged "reform press" of the country shall have in some measure reformed the habits of immorality, anarchy and indolence which so strongly characterize some alleged reformers, it will at least have rendered some real service to the people and have given some excuse for its existence.

ABOUT INDEPENDENTS.

The Elizabethtown *News* and some other partisan Democrats are very much outraged at Mr. Cleveland's action in appointing Judge Gresham to a place in his cabinet. "Party lines must be disappearing," exclaims the *News*, "when a Republican President selects a Southern Democrat for the Supreme Bench, and a Democratic President names an Indiana Republican for Secretary of State." These Democrats should not be alarmed. Mr. Cleveland is none the less a Democrat because Mr. Gresham, an able and honest Independent, is to be his adviser in matters of State. They should remember, as Mr. Cleveland remembers, that it was the powerful force of the Independent voters of the country, who like Judge Gresham, are in accord with the Democratic party, which made it possible to rout the robbers from the temple and make the Government Democratic. Gresham has always been a fearless, honest man, and outspoken for what he believes. He has not truckled to any party or any man and is one of thousands of honest voters who believe the Democracy is right in its efforts at reform, and while the Democracy behaves so as to command their respect and confidence, these men are with us. Let us not drive them away, but bid them welcome to Democratic councils and to such honors as their merit and ability demand. What is here said, however, applies to high up, honest men like Gresham, but is not pertinent to the whining demagogue like Ben Birkhead, who, having fought Democrats to defeat and having stabbed them from the vantage ground of semi-Democracy and taken honors as a traitor to his party, now faces a triumphant Democracy with the sickly plea that he, too, voted for Cleveland. Away with such stuff! If he did, he lacked the hardihood and honor of Judge Gresham to come out at the time and say so; and while pretending to be a Democrat, he fought the Democratic nominee for Congress to the bitter end. There is a wide gap between Independence like Gresham's and the mad effort to get into office without regard to methods or honest convictions, such as has characterized men like Ben Birkhead and Tom Pettit—a difference as wide as that between the statesman and the demagogue.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Cardinal Gibbons, perhaps as holy a man and surely as learned as the Catholic Church of America has among its thousands of good men, said in a sermon Sunday:

"A yearning has gone forth from many noble and earnest hearts for the union of Christendom. That earnest desire has my heartfelt sympathy, and I would make any sacrifice, even of life itself, for the consummation of so great a blessing. The American people, with their practical good sense and energetic dispositions, aided by the grace of God, if all united in a common bond of faith and charity, would convert the world. But there can be only one secure basis for this union—that established by Christ Himself—the recognition of Peter and his successors as the center of spiritual authority. He who would build upon any other foundation builds upon sand."

What Baptist or Methodist or Presbyterian from whose earnest heart a yearning for the so-called "union of christendom" has gone forth, could be brought to *unite* upon the platform of the gifted Cardinal? Not one. Nor any more could they be brought to unite touching the peculiar views held by any other orthodox christian sect. Nor should they; for while men are born with so essentially differing mentalities and while they differ so widely in manners, customs, politics and general opinions, there will be differences among them as touching the minor matters of Christianity. Upon the fundamentals they are already united and the day when the bombshell of the bigot could with impunity be thrown from the pulpit to blow up every manner of man who did not wholly agree with his peculiar views, is past. Men insist upon maintaining their individual views about the details of church doctrines, and without regard to name or sect, the christian universe is already in the enjoyment of the only union ever contemplated by the Author of the church—union in love to God and tender fellowship one with another in the enjoyment of clean hearts and right living.

Pension Frauds.

The following protest by the Harrisburg Patriot against the enormous and increasing pension frauds is well worth serious thought:

It is a gross outrage that men who fought hard in the sutler's tent and bled—bullocks—in the army train should be placed on the pension list because of a suddenly discovered stiffness in their joints or a constitutional weakness due to years of indulgence in fiery and impure whisky. Worst of all is the "cumulative" disability, made up of suffering from corns, chilblains, costiveness, weak stomach, bad throat, toothache, rush of blood to the head, or anything else that may procure a pension for a life-long voter of the right denomination. It is a great outrage to place the names of the fraudulent and rascally pensioners on the same list with those who fought and bled in the late war and can show an honorable scar for every dollar they draw from the Federal Treasury. It is a worse outrage that some of these pensioners, to call them by their best title, draw bigger pensions than some honorable soldiers who were shot in the most ghastly manner and suffered from their wounds until they died, some of them twenty or twenty-five years after the close of the war.

The Farmers' Alliance in Trouble.

A special from Raleigh, North Carolina, of February 16th to the Louisville Times says:

The Populists in the Legislature were absolutely astonished yesterday when the Democrats arose as one man and passed a bill in the House to repeal the charter of the State Farmers' Alliance, granted four years ago. The bill to repeal was agreed upon by the Democratic caucus, and will probably pass the Senate, every Democrat supporting it. The bill is entitled "An Act for the Relief of the Stockholders of the State Alliance Business Agency." There is about $50,000 of the fund, not a cent of which can be secured by those who contributed it, and it is openly charged that it is about the business interest of the People's party, the President of the State Alliance as well as its Secretary and business agent being extreme members of the party. A receiver will be asked for immediately. Most of the fund was contributed by persons not now Alliance men. A bill was introduced to re-charter the Alliance, which, it is provided, must entirely reorganize and be operated solely in the farmer's interest.

Officers of the State Alliance have decided to issue an address to the members. It is denied that the business fund has been perverted to political purposes. This address shows that the Alliance is in straits. It is asserted that it has lost three-fourths of its members, only 25,000 remaining.

S. S. Brandt, of Montgomery, Mo., writes: "Please send me a bottle of Quinn's Ointment. I have used it for Capped Hock, Windpuffs and Thoroughpin with great success. Would not be without it in my barn."

For Sale,

Two mares and colts. Terms most reasonable. Call on or address, Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford. tf

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

WAR ON THE "AGITATORS."
[Earlington Bee.]

The man who takes pleasure at all times and on all occasions to agitate trouble is a curse to the laboring people of this country, and it should be branded a crime on our statutes and banishment the punishment.

THE TWO GREAT EVILS.
[Madisonville Hustler.]

Joe Mulhattan, at one time well known in Kentucky and elsewhere as a successful drummer and as a National liar, is now in Spokane Falls driving a sewing machine wagon. Dissipation caused him to lose position after position until he is now scarcely able to make a living. Lying and whisky drinking will get away with the best of them.

THEY SHOULD ACQUAINT THEMSELVES.
[Atlanta Constitution.]

It is within bounds to say that the great majority of the farmers of the United States never saw a good road and do not know what it is. A road that is a morass in spring, a Sahara in summer, a series of ruts and ridges frozen stiff in autumn, and a slough whenever there is a thaw in winter is to them the normal means of rural communication. If they had known and used good roads they would not tolerate the existing roads for a month, but because they do not, they will go on acquiescing in the existing country roads with apathy that is born of ignorance.

PERTINENT TO FOOLS ONLY.
[Elizabethtown News.]

Some people find fault with their county paper if they read things in it they don't endorse and can't agree to. To these people we would suggest that they go and talk for an hour on different subjects to their best friends and they will discover that they disagree with them as much as they do with the editor. If they dont get mad with their friends because their views don't coincide on all subjects they have no right to get mad with the editor on the same score. The editor don't expect you to agree with him on all subjects and you have no more right to expect the editor to agree with you.

THE ABOMINABLE PRACTICE OF PROFANITY.
[Fulton Graphic.]

The interest of good society and morals demand good wholesome laws. Our officials should see to it that no law is violated, without the perpetrator paying the penalty. The one thing above all others, a burning shame in the face of decency is the abominable practice of profanity. It is no uncommon thing to hear boys of tender years swearing like an old salt. They, of course, learned it from grown men. Parents cannot afford to let their children go where their minds will become so corrupted. If there is a law against profanity, why not enforce it? Why not crush this satanic practice?

LET HIM GO.
[Muhlenberger.]

Mr. Cleveland may be mistaken in his ideas, but he is a man of ideas and is fool enough to follow his own advice. We like him for his independent manhood, and not because he happens to think just as we do. Intelligent people do not have to be agreed with to-day. They do not expect that everybody will see things as they do. It is only that unfortunate class of people known as fools, that fall out with and abuse a public man, because his ideas will not conform to their own narrow way of thinking. This is an age of intelligent thinking and acting. The bigoted demagogue is dying. It may be that he is expiring rather hard. Indulging, as it were, in a few parting kicks, but he is going.

THE MEANING OF FREE SILVER.
[Washington Dispatch to Courier-Journal.]

Not long since a well-known silver fanatic, who occupies a seat in the House of Representatives, when warned of the contingency of gold commanding a premium, replied: "What do we care about gold? What difference will it make if it should go up? That does not concern us. Silver is what we are interested in." Possibly this gentleman was correct in speaking for himself. But if "gold goes up" it will soon make a material difference to the vast body of the people at large who have been captivated with the bright picture painted by men who have silver to sell. When the laboring classes find the purchasing power of their wages diminishing, it will not take them long to discover the difference between a gold and a silver standard. From present indications it may happen that the people will at no distant future be brought face to face with this experience. The careful and cautious in business and financial circles are generally casting a sheet to the windward in the disposition of their affairs. They are proceeding with an appreciation of possible consequences different from the Congressman above alluded to. Already persons making long-time contracts are requiring the insertion of the gold stipulation, which has not been on commercial paper since 1879.

Adulterated Whiskey.

[Exchange.]

A recent session of the sub-committee of the house judiciary committee investigating the whiskey trust was devoted to watching experiments by Mr. Veazey in producing liquors by adulteration. By the use of essential oil, essences, and coloring matter, he produced in a few minutes whiskies, rums and gins similar to those that were placed on the market and sold as pure goods. The basis for this product was an odorless and colorless liquid, known to the trade as spirits. It is worth $1.30 per gallon. By the use of compounds worth about by 1½ cents he produced a gallon of liquor that would sell as high as $4. The production of adulterated goods represents one-half the liquor business of the country. By misrepresentation goods are worked upon the entire trade of the country. Mr. Veazey urged that certain witnesses (no names given) be called as soon as possible, as some of them would find it more convenient to be in Europe than before the committee, if they were given time.

Facts About American Railroads

[Courier-Journal.]

From the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission it appears that the number of miles of railroads in the United States is 168,402, or more than six times the circumference of the earth as noted by the New York Sun.

If six men were to start on successive days from six American cities, and travel in a straight line around to the point of starting, the Chicago man would probably claim to have made the quickest time, while the Ohio man, if there was one, would be the first to arrive home; but the distance traveled by all six, if added together, would fail 17,000 miles short of the railroad mileage of the United States, double tracks not counted.

The capitalization of these railroads, what they cost, whether for construction or good will, and what they owe, is $9,829,475,015, a debt greater in volume than that of any Government or people. France owes, according to late figures, $4,446,793,000; England, $3,350,719,000; Russia, $3,319,081,000; Italy, $2,324,000,000; Germany, $1,945,000,000; the United States, $1,281,020,000, and Spain, $1,251,453,698. The railroads of the United States overtop them all. They have double the debt of any Government. Their gross earnings last year were in excess of one billion dollars, and the net earnings $365,000,000, or a million dollars a day, yet less than 4 per cent. on the whole capital invested.

When Gen. Cornwallis surrendered in Yorktown his army of Englishmen consisted, according to military reports, of 7,247 soldiers and 840 sailors—8,087 in all. The number of locomotives now in use on American railways is 32,139, or four times as many as Cornwallis' soldiers and sailors. The number of cars is 1,200,000.

There is an army of men employed upon the railroads of the United States numbering 784,000. They are not engaged in idle maneuvers, dress parades, barrack drills, or preparations for warfare, but by their diligence, energy and toil contribute immensely to the wealth, well-being, and development of the country, the interchange of its products, the diffusion of information, and the prompt transportation of vast numbers of passengers with a remarkably low percentage of casualties. The number of passengers carried last year was 530,000,000. The number of passengers killed was 293.

More passengers were carried on American railroads last year than there are men, including Mugwumps, women and children, in Europe and North and South America. Fewer passengers were killed on all the railroads of the United States in a year than die from accidents in this city alone every three months, according to the figures of the Board of Health.

The railroad mileage of Connecticut is greater according to area than any country in Europe except Belgium; Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania have, each of them, a larger trackage to the square mile than Germany, France, Holland, and each of the States, except Iowa, and New York has a larger relative trackage than Great Britain. Despite the tendency toward consolidation, which of late years has been marked in all lines of business, there are 1,785 separate railroad companies in the United States.

This is a great country, and the railways have done much to develop its productiveness, to extend its industrial supremacy, to reward the thrift of its people, and to bind them closer together in the pursuit of a cherished destiny of progress and happiness.

What Was It?

Newport, Rhode Island, had a most extraordinary religious sensation last Wednesday night, of which the Louisville Times says:

In a plain garret room, without even a picture on the walls, in probably the most humble home in the city, a little child, the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Malloy, has been lying for several weeks unable to move, suffering with water on the brain, its lower limbs paralyzed and its stomach congealed. Last evening the mother while watching her little one, was terrified to see a face appear on the pillow next to the one on which lay the face of the little child. The news spread and hundreds of people, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians and Catholics, visited the room and came away astounded. A New York correspondent visited the scene at midnight. Lights were shifted into every position, but there was on the pillow a pale face, in nun's headdress, the forehead, nose, eyes, mouth and chin plainly outlined as if chiseled out of pure marble. The more minute the observation, the more striking did the features stand out. The face gradually faded away at 3 a. m. Large crowds besieged the place, but were refused admission by orders of priests and doctors. The child has taken a turn for the better.

Auction Sale of Town Lots.

I will sell at public auction in Beaver Dam, Ky., March 4th, '93, at 2 p. m., 3 town lots, including 1 tobacco barn.
6 3t E. G. AUSTIN.

WASHINGTON TOPICS.

[Special Correspondence of the HERALD.]

WASHINGTON, February 18, 1893.

"Gallery parties" are all the rage at the Capitol just now, and they bid fair to rival theater parties in attraction and interest. During the past week or two the galleries of the Senate and House have daily contained parties of young ladies, sometimes with chaperons and sometimes without. Many of those handsomely attired and attractive visitors were recognized as prominent belles in society, and their presence was alike a source of curiosity and pleasure. Now the secret of a popular custom which has just been inaugurated is out. As everybody who comes to Washington wants to see Congress in session, and as the sights of the great white building are apt to be more or less stupid to the solitary stranger, the Washington girls have introduced the pleasant scheme of escorting their visiting friends to the Capitol en masse. They form jolly crowds as they chat and laugh in the galleries, and innocently point out every occupant of the Speaker's chair as Mr. Crisp. They don't know a thing about legislation, of course, but they think they do, and no one could have the heart to correct all the mistakes they make as they gayly prattle at the lunch table after they have tired of the galleries.

***

It is charged that the foreigners of the various legations here are the most dissipated people in Washington. Some of the young men, while favorably regarded by the American girls, are looked upon with more or less disapproval by prudent mothers. Some of them have behaved outrageously on occasions, cheating their creditors, getting into drunken rows and otherwise taking advantage of their immunity from arrest and prosecution for debt or other causes. According to law they are entirely exempt from the jurisdiction, either civil or criminal, of the United States authorities, and if any one ventured to sue one of them for money due, that person would be liable to a fine and three years' imprisonment as a "violator of the laws of nations and a disturber of the public repose."

Several years ago some of the diplomats stationed here at that time made themselves particularly objectionable. They thought they could do about as they pleased, and their insolence was carried to such a point that it became necessary to check them. They have since improved somewhat in manners and conduct, but occasionally indulge in escapades and breaches of decorum that would not be tolerated if committed by Americans.

***

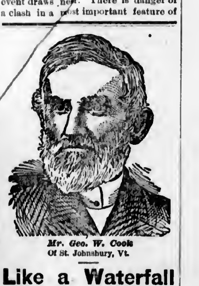
Less than a dozen working days remain of the Fifty-second Congress before its expiration on the 4th of March. Only one of the annual appropriations bills—the Army bill—has become a law, and from this time on until the close of the session, both Houses of Congress will lend every energy to the completion of the remainder of these important measures, upon which the running of the Government machinery depends. The House, though the largest and consequently the most unwieldy body, has done better than the Senate in pushing legislation. Now that the silver question is definitely shelved for this Congress, the leaders in the House do not see anything ahead between now and the 4th of March to cause trouble except the balance of the appropriations bills and the anti-option bill. It is intended to keep the House pounding away on the appropriations bills with but little intermission until the last one of them is sent over to the Senate. Those still remaining before the House are the Pension (now under consideration), the Post-office, the Indian, the Agricultural, and the Naval bills.

***

The arrangements are being completed for the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland on a very grand scale, and little else is being discussed here as the event draws near. There is danger of a clash in a most important feature of the ceremonies, however, unless some understanding more definite than now exists is reached between now and the 4th of March. The point at issue relates entirely as to how the outgoing and incoming Presidents shall go from the White House to the Capitol on inauguration day and then return to the reviewing stand. The local inaugural committee has arranged to have two four-horse teams for use on the occasion, a carriage drawn by four white horses for the President and a carriage drawn by four black horses for the Vice-President. President Harrison has, however, it is said, announced that he will provide his own carriage and will have his own horses harnessed to it, with his own driver and footman in charge. It remains to be seen which programme will be carried out.

***

Of the 120 collectors of customs in the United States but three who were appointed by President Cleveland will be found in office when he is again inaugurated next Monday. The three "holdovers" are collectors at Nantucket, Mass., Newark, N. J., and Vicksburg, Miss. The terms of collectors of customs are for four years from the date of commission, and it is possible that the commissions of these three have not expired. This item will indicate how Democrats have fared under this administration.



Mr. Geo. W. Cook
Of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Like a Waterfall
Great Suffering
After the Grip

Tremendous Roaring in the Head —Pain in the Stomach.

"To C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Two years ago I had a severe attack of the Grip, which left me in a terribly weak and debilitated condition. Last winter I had another attack and was again very badly off, my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone, I had no strength, felt **tired all the time**, had disagreeable roaring noises in my head, like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and

Severe Sinking Pains

In my stomach. I took medicines without benefit, until, having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it, and the result is very gratifying. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is surely curing my catarrh. I recommend it to all." GEO. W. COOK, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Estray Notice.

Taken up as a 'stray by G. D. Autry, Rosine, Ky., in the last 10 days, one dark red muley cow, unmarked, and supposed to be about 8 years old, and appraised at six dollars ($6.) Given under my hand this February 4th, 1893.
6 4t J. M. RAGLAND, P. J. R.

Answered an "Ad."

A marriage resulting from an advertisement published in the Cincinnati Enquirer has resulted unhappily for a Nashville girl of twenty-three, who married a man of seventy years. The young lady was Miss Mattie Lowe, the daughter of Mrs. Sue Lowe, ex-State Librarian, and her husband is Moses Bradford, of Marion, Ind. Bradford is alleged to be a millionaire, has several children and numerous grandchildren. They were married on October 12, and the certificate is on file at Marion, with a contract of marriage settlement.

Mrs. Bradford is in Nashville consulting her mother. She left her husband over a month ago, alleging cruel treatment, but has returned to Marion and will make that place her home in the future in order not to vacate her rights to an interest in his property.

One for Each County.

How would you like to make in six months from $500 to $2,000 and more, besides your regular income? You can easily do so by accepting the exclusive agency of our Room Renting Co. for your county. Room and Board Furnished World's Fair Visitors. No advance payment required of patrons secured by you. Responsible parties only need apply.

Write for particulars, if you mean business.

INTERNATIONAL ROOM RENTING AG'CY,
3t10 113 Adams Street, Chicago, Ills.

Statement of the Condition
—OF THE—

BANK OF HARTFORD

At the Close of Business, January 7, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Bills Discounted	$70,911.82
Real Estate	3,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,000.00
Bonds and Bank Stock	1,341.67
Debts in Suit	743.54
Cash on hand	14,117,78
Cash in other Banks	17,280.68
	$108,395.49

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$30,000.00
Deposits	72,480.85
Dividends unpaid	1,144.00
Due to other Banks	4.30
Discount and Exchange	413.61
Undivided Profits	4,346.73
	$108,395.49

A dividend of $4.00 per share is now due and payable on demand.

S. K. COX, PRESIDENT.

WANTED A REPRESENTATIVE for our FAMILY TREASURY, the greatest book ever offered to the public. Our coupon system, which we use in selling this great work, enables each purchaser to get the book FREE, so everyone purchases. For his first week's work one agent's profit is $168.00. Another $136.00. A LADY has just cleared $120.00 for her first week's work. We give you exclusive territory, and pay large commissions on the sales of sub agents. Write at once for the agency for your county. Address all communications to RAND, McNALLY & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Statement of the Condition
—OF THE—

BEAVER DAM Deposit Bank

At the Close of Business, December 31, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Notes and Bills	$62,723.49
Real Estate	3,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,500.00
Cash on hand & in other banks	26,031.22
	$93,254.71

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$25,000.00
Due other Banks	402.93
Reserve Fund	1,293.14
Surplus	5,250.00
Deposits	61,308.64
	$93,254.71

I, John H. Barnes, swear the above to be correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.
JOHN H. BARNES, Cashier.

Sworn to before me, this Jan. 3, 1893.
SHELBY TAYLOR,
Deputy County Court Clerk.

In balancing our business for the year, we can say it has been entirely satisfactory. Its growth has been steady and its profits good. Not only has this been a prosperous year for us, but alike prosperous for the farmer and the business man, and he who would benefit by this era of prosperity, will see that his bank account grows and his expenses do not increase. We hope to see many new names on our books during 1893, for we are proud to note that the young men of the country are beginning to realize that their savings are the foundation of their success.
JOHN H. BARNES, Cashier.

DUNCAN'S LIVERY STABLE
J. F. & J. W. ROSS, Proprietors.

LIVERY
Sale & Feed Stable
ROCKPORT, KY.

LIVERY of all kinds furnished on short notice and at reasonable rates. Special attention given to stock entrusted to our care. Good transportation furnished to travelling men. Your patronage solicited.

ON THE

22D DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1892

We closed our credit ledger and adopted a new system, to-wit, the CASH system, and we come again this week after a year's experience, thoroughly convinced that it was a great day with us. We find our sales larger, our losses less and business more pleasant with all.

When we look over the list of merchants and find 94 out of every 100 falling by the wayside, we must attribute it to King Credit, and the piles of worthless ledgers on hand filled with accounts, must go in with the losses. In calling to mind this our first year in the cash business, we are very grateful for the patronage we have received and hope to retain the same on the strictly Cash system—or its equal—that we have begun.

This week we are taking stock and find a great many things that you can use at a bargain rather than that we should carry them over. Come and see for yourself. Already we have begun to receive Farmers' Supplies in the way of Field Seeds, Oats, Gearing, Collars, Fence Wire, &c.

TAYLOR & CO
Beaver Dam, Ky.

Clearing for Action!

As the winter season draws to a close, the need of quick sales and the procuring of more room is apparent. As on the farm

You are Preparing to Plow,

So in our store we are preparing for a most vigorous spring campaign. You still need warm Clothing. Before you are

Busy with Your Spring work,

Come and see what you can do in the way of Boots and Shoes and good serviceable Suits that will last until your harvest

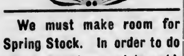
Makes You Feel Easy Again.

Cloaks $2.50 to $7—worth anywhere from $5 to $15. Overcoats $2.50 to $10. Buy now and save $2.50 to $5. Visit us between now and March 1st for the biggest bargains in every line ever offered. Bring your Feathers, Eggs, etc.

Fair Bros. & Co.,
THE FARMER'S FRIENDS.

We must make room for Spring Stock. In order to do this, everything must be sold. Our Bargains are too numerous to mention. Come now, while you can buy at your own price. Everything must be cleared away by the first of March. Truly,

CARSON & CO.



Beaver Dam Rail Road Time Table:

EAST.	
No. 8—Limited Express	7 56 A M
No. 6—Passenger and Mail	1 21 P M
No. 12—Local Freight	8 20 A M
WEST.	
No. 7—Limited Express	11 17 P M
No. 5—Passenger and Mail	12 01 P M
No. 11—Local Freight	4 00 P M

Hartford Weekly Herald.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

Boots at cost at Schapmire's.

Buy your Shoes at Schapmire's.

Leaders in every line at Fair Bros. & Co.

Ladies stylish fine shoes at Fair Bros. & Co.'s.

Fine Prince Albert suits at Fair Bros. & Co.'s.

Right prices in clothing at Fair Bros. & Co.'s.

Handsome line kid gloves at Fair Bros. & Co.'s.

Mr. F. L. Felix is in Hardinsburgh on legal business.

Biggest stock clothing in Hartford at Fair Bros. & Co.'s.

Fair Bros. & Co. are headquarters for bargains in every line.

Anything you want in dry goods line, call on Fair Bros. & Co.

10 cent dress ginghams going at 8 cents at Fair Bros. & Co.'s.

For all kinds of tonsorial work, go to H. C. Pace, the popular barber.

Best Pant on earth is the "Bull Dog" jeans pants sold only by Fair Bros. & Co.

Rev. R. A. Crowe and Miss Sallie Klein leave to-day for Louisville.

Mr. S. W. Anderson, of Owensboro, the famous Bazaar man, is in town.

See the elegant line of Shoes Schapmire is receiving. Call on him for Shoes.

BORN.—To the wife of D. L. Johnson, Hartford, on the 16th inst., a fine boy.

Goods well bought are half sold. Fair Bros. & Co.'s line come under this head.

Miss Floy Duke, of Sulphur Springs, was the guest of Miss Anna Bean last Sunday.

Call on Baird & Ashley for harness and machine oil, very cheap. Also 20 pounds of good sugar for $1.

Miss Clara Denton, a former student of Hartford College, returned to her home in Robards, Ky., Friday.

Miss Frona Davis and Mr. William H. Martin were married at the bride's home in Hartford last Thursday.

Rev. W. I. Cole will preach at the Methodist church to-night. We bespeak for him a good congregation.

J. E. McDaniel, traveling salesman of the Falls City Manufacturing Co., Louisville, was in town a few days last week.

If you want your hair cut, a shave, shingle or shampoo in the latest style, call on H. C. Pace, the all-popular barber.

Deputy sheriff, Jack O'Bannon, has bought a farm and has resigned his place under Sheriff Stevens and will devote himself to agricultural pursuits in the future.

Miss Cinderella Whittinghill, of Rosine, is visiting Mrs. Chas. Sullenger. She will return Wednesday, accompanied by Miss Ora Barnett and Master Darrel Sullenger.

Mr. S. R. Dent, the well-known Life Insurance man of Leitchfield, who has written more life insurance in Ohio county for the popular United States Life than all the other companies together carry, is in Hartford.

Beaver Dam High School will observe Washington's birthday to-day with appropriate exercises, which will be up to the high standard always set by that splendid school. The public generally are invited to be present.

When you need anything in the general grocery line, call on A. D. White. He can furnish you with the very best brands of Flour at the very lowest market prices. He also handles Feedstuffs at prices to suit the times. Call and be convinced.

Mr. Daniel Wilson, of Horse Branch, was among the callers at the HERALD office Monday. Mr. Wilson is known as one of the best farmers and business men in the county and he reports the good community in which he lives as prosperous and contented.

Farmers!

Buy the genuine Oliver Chilled Plow—the best on the market. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford.

AN UNPROFITABLE LIFE SPARED.

Judge Eaves' Plea for Mercy for the Murderer of His Daughter.

Bert Wing, who so Richly Deserves Death, Escapes with a Life Sentence.

Albert Wing, who so cruelly murdered his wife, Miriam Eaves Wing, in an unlawful house in Louisville some weeks ago, was tried for his crime in Louisville Friday and escaped the death upon the scaffold which he so richly merited by a plea for mercy, which the court permitted Judge Eaves to make before the jury. It was a most remarkable proceeding throughout. Wing had no excuse or palliation to offer for having so brutally hacked to pieces with a knife the woman whose life he had ruined and who had always loved him so blindly. So guilty was he of death that although the court had appointed one of the ablest lawyers in the State to defend him he found no defense possible and must needs plead guilty and depend upon the mercy of the jury. Having so announced, the court instructed the jury, when Judge Charles Eaves, of Greenville, father of the woman whom Wing had killed, arose and by permission of the court said to the jury:

"By permission of the court I wish to state that I am the father of Miriam Eaves. I will also state that it will be satisfactory to me, and that I request of this jury that they visit upon the prisoner penal servitude for life. I, who have never drank, feel some pity for a man with whom drinking is such a disease. I, who am 68 years of age, can not afford to act in this case from mere desire for revenge. So it would satisfy me if it would you, on this plea of guilty, to say in your verdict that his punishment be fixed at imprisonment for life."

Whereupon the jury returned a verdict fixing Wing's punishment at confinement in the penitentiary for life. The verdict was evidently reached under the influence of the emotions called up by Judge Eaves' statement, and whatever the motives lying back of it, was not a just one. It ought to have been the death penalty.

Look Out!

The boat is coming and will bring Baird & Ashley a big supply of flour.

A Grand Literary Move.

An organization by which Hartford is to have a series of lectures or entertainments was perfected here Monday night. Every one knows how difficult it has always been for a town no larger than Hartford to secure the best of talent in literature and elocution for an entertainment. To remove this difficulty and insure a series of intellectual and elocutionary treats, the following persons have formed a society to be called The Hartford Lecture Club: J. Edwin Rowe, J. W. Lytle, Dr. E. B. Pendleton, H. P. Taylor, G. B. Likens, B. D. Ringo, S. A. Anderson, J. H. Williams and John J. McHenry. These were present in person or by proxy at the office of J. J. McHenry on the above date, when the association was organized with the following officers: J. W. Lytle, President; G. B. Likens, Secretary; Dr. E. B. Pendleton, Treasurer. J. J. McHenry, B. D. Ringo and J. E. Rowe were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws.

This Club will give four or more lectures or entertainments at Hartford during the year 1893, securing talent that heretofore has been enjoyed by much larger cities only.

A committee composed of the President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Messrs. S. A. Anderson and J. H. Williams will make all necessary arrangements for the first entertainment, which is to occur on the evening of March the 7th. For this occasion the Club will endeavor to secure Mr. Losey, of the Southern Lyceum Bureau, and the people may expect a rare treat. Mr. Losey is a graduate of the University of Rochester, and is now entering upon his sixth season as a public reader, having already won an enviable reputation. This season he is presenting Dickens' powerful story, Oliver Twist. We feel assured that we can secure him, as our President has already been in correspondence with the Bureau.

We desire the co-operation of all who are interested, as we have in view the advantages to be gained by the people in general.

The Club adjourned to await a call meeting.
J. W. LYTLE, Pres.
G. B. LIKENS, Sec'y.

Given Away.

A. D. White, the popular groceryman, gives a ticket with every dollars' worth of goods sold and when you have secured ten of these tickets, he will give you a first-class nickle-plated alarm clock free.

William, We are Looking at You.

Is William, too, getting shaky in his allegiance to the g. o. p. and turning with the multitude to look toward the feast of fat things our Uncle Grover has to offer? We have long thought Billy altogether too good a fellow to be a Republican, and in case of his conversion, would extend him a hearty welcome.

The Owensboro Inquirer, of Monday, says:

Mr. William Thomas, the very efficient city marshal of Hartford, and a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, is in the city to-day. Mr. Thomas wants to be appointed a Deputy U. S. Marshal under the new administration, and his friends think he will not be disappointed.

For Rent!

Neat cottage dwelling house in the town of Hartford. Four large rooms with the necessary outbuildings. The best of water and excellent garden and lot attached. Rent reasonable. Apply at once to J. W. FORD & CO.

They Deserve no Sympathy.
[New York Evening Sun.]

Twenty-seven men who live at Fordsville, Ky., are now mourning the loss of $1,350. This sum they gave to B. F. Wallace in subscriptions of $50 each, in order to make a blind pool with which to buy green goods from a New York firm. Wallace started for this city with a companion named Smith, about two weeks ago. They returned to Fordsville last week, and Wallace said that he had met the sharpers at Newark, N. J., and had lost all the money. Wallace told a circumstantial story, describing the usual method of swindling practiced by green-goods men.

The subscribers to the blind pool believe that he simply pocketed the money and are very wroth with him, threatening to sue him or to take personal vengeance on him. Of course no court of law will give them back their money, because it is not the function of the law courts to make one set of swindlers keep faith with another set. But it is strange how respectable men are not ashamed publicly to confess that they were engaged in a conspiracy to buy counterfeit money, to cheat the Government and ultimately to defraud their neighbors by passing spurious bills on them.

Isaiah Luce.

Isaiah Luce, an old citizen of Hartford, died at his home here Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and was buried yesterday at the Milton Taylor burying grounds. Revs. E. E. Pate and G. J. Bean conducted the funeral services at the residence at 12 o'clock, after which a large crowd accompanied the remains to the grave. Judge Luce was an old resident of Hartford, having come here many years ago from Indiana. He married in this county, his wife being Miss Sallie Duke, daughter of William Duke, for many years a well-known citizen of the county.

Two children, Mattie and Dee, both grown, survive him. Judge Luce was a kind-hearted, inoffensive, honest man and a good citizen, and many old citizens of the county will learn with sorrow of his death.

Gold Premiums.

The tobacco crop in the United States has reached enormous proportions. The annual production is now worth $40,000,000. It is the money staple of this Green river country, and decidedly the most profitable crop, especially for small farmers, when remunerative prices can be obtained. A superior article will always command these prices. The question, then with the farmer is, how to make better tobacco, and more of it on fewer acres. Extensive experiments in this county and many others show that "systematic culture and the use of GOOD fertilizers" is the answer to that question. By these the crop is made earlier, better, and the yield perhaps 50 to 100 per cent. greater.

We are handling the "Homestead Tobacco Grower," which has stood the test of many years, and the competition of other fertilizers, with the most satisfactory results. It is a high grade goods and is certainly THE fertilizer for tobacco crops. In order to encourage the growth of this money staple and especially the finer grades of this product, we propose to offer a premium of TEN DOLLARS in gold for the best 10 pounds sample of Burley and Red tobacco, each to be made in Ohio county and by the aid of the "Homestead" and to be exhibited at our store on some stated day after the full maturity of the crop, to be made known by us through the county papers. As to the merits of the Homestead Tobacco Grower, we refer to Messrs. J. Ham Miller, L. W. Hocker, G. H. Barnes, Alfred Ashby, J. Wilson Rowe, John P. Foster & Bros., Robert Plummer, and many others too numerous to mention. Farmers who know nothing of this goods can make the experiment on a small scale if they wish, so that everybody can have a chance at the Gold Premium, and at the same time improve the quality and quantity of their crop. We keep constantly on hand the "Homestead" and sell in large or small quantities. Call on us.

HOCKER & CO.

The Falls of Rough.
[Owensboro Messenger.]

Work on the extension of the Falls of Rough railroad is progressing more rapidly now than at any time in the past six weeks, owing to the more favorable weather. The construction train is now moving from Horse Branch to the big cut at Carter's, five miles from Fordsville. The track is laid to within two miles of the cut from this side, so that only about three miles of track remain to be put down. The cut will be finished in thirty or forty days, and in sixty days the trains will be running from Owensboro to Horse Branch.

Work on the Owensboro end, which has been delayed almost two months, will be recommenced next week and pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

There is a renewed interest felt abroad in the mineral resources of the country along the road. In a short time Col. T. P. Grasty, the noted newspaper man, will make a trip over the road for the purpose of writing an article descriptive of the country. A number of foreign capitalists already have interests along the line, and important developments are looked for in the spring.

Bob Lost His Boodle.

The Courier-Journal of Monday, says:

Robert Johnson, a colored farmer from Horse Branch Station, Ky., was robbed yesterday morning of $10.65 in Delia Hazell's unlawful house, 604 Grayson street. Ten minutes after the robbery was committed Officers Mulverhill and Sexton arrested Delia Hazell and recovered $7 of the money. The woman had several dollars in quarters and dimes concealed in her mouth, the balance being found in her shoe. Johnson is anxiously awaiting the trial at the City Court, as the robbery left him entirely penniless in a strange city.

Farmers, Attention!

We are prepared to furnish the old reliable Horseshoe Brands of RAWBONE and other Feritlizers for oats, clover, grass and corn. Call or send in your orders. HOCKER & CO., Beaver Dam.

McHENRY, KY.

Feb. 20, 1893.—Sickness in our immediate midst has somewhat abated. There are still a few lingering cases of pneumonia and la grippe on hand, but all are convalescent.

Notices are up announcing that the spring term of school will begin on Monday, March 6th, with Miss Emma Barnes as principal and teacher. Think the patrons made a wise selection in securing the service of Miss Barnes. She is not only a first-class teacher, but is a competent manager and a pleasant, agreeable young lady.

The amateur home talent club will give an entertainment in the school house Thursday night, March 2nd. The piece selected is "Under the Laurels." It consists of ten characters and five acts. A large attendance is solicited and a good time expected. This is under the management of the Ladies Aid Society and proceeds to be used for benevolent purposes. The Burton string band will furnish music for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Torrence left Saturday morning for Louisville, where they will spend a few days with W. G. Duncan and family, and then return to their home in Monmouth, Ill. A number of their old friends accompanied them to the depot here and were sorry their stay among us was so short. The Burton string band, together with several acquaintances, made a serenade call to these friends while here and spent a few hours very pleasantly together. Mr and Mrs. Torrence return their sincere thanks for the delightful way in which they were entertained, and extend their best wishes to the success of the new string band.

Mr. R. P. Miller and brother Will were in town Sunday. These are nice young men and are fully persuaded that Christian society is preferable to any other, and that twin Christians are the most lovely and pleasant of all.

Mr. Melton, a gentleman living at Hamilton Mines, died Saturday night. Remains were interred in the Hamilton burying ground Sunday evening.

REX.

Casebier-Casebier.

Mr. Thomas Casebier, of this place, was married Sunday morning last to Miss Sallie Casebier, daughter of Mrs. Martha Casebier, living near Ceralvo, in Muhlenberg county. Only a few friends were present at the wedding and the young people came at once to this place, and are now making their home here.

Mr. Casebier is one of the sturdy, industrious young men of Hartford, who goes quietly about his work and commands the highest respect of everybody. He is engaged in the livery business here with his father, Mr. James Casebier, of Casebier & Burton. Miss Casebier was highly popular in the community where she lived and Tom's many friends are glad to bid her welcome.

Notice!

Any one having for sale white or red-oak timbered land, or white and redoak timber or staves, please address
JAMES REDMAN,
8 2t Glasgow, Ky.

Two Ohio County Boys Take a Trip.

The Owensboro Inquirer says:

A few days ago the Inquirer announced that Deputy U. S. Marshal Logan Pate had gone over in Ohio and Grayson counties for a small raid, and would be almost certain to tree his game. And that is just what the lynx-eyed bailiff did.

Mr. Pate arrived in the city yesterday with two prisoners in tow. One was Ben Autrie, a white man who was arrested near Rosine, in Ohio county, he having been engaged in retailing "spud" without Uncle Sam's sanction.

The other prisoner was an old colored man named John Beard, who was caught at Beaver Dam, where he is accused of having violated the Internal Revenue law by selling whisky without license. "Uncle John" is said to be an honest old darkey, and the present one is his first offense, and he said yesterday he believed "de law was gwine to clear him when de proof come for'ard."

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Hartford, Ky., which if not called for in 30 days will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.:

Baird, Mrs. E. C.	Bryant, Mrs. Lee
Baird, Sue	Brown, Dr. Wm.
Crow, Prof. C. W.	Duke, Angeline
Duke, Adeline, E.	Ford, Milinn
Fulkerson, Mrs. May	Ison, Mrs. M.
James, Ed	Mitchell, Buck
Monroe, Jnn.	Martin, Charlotte
Northam, C. H.	Sanders, Delany H.
Sharp, Mary	Smith, Jnn. P.
Taylor, Phil	Talley, Mrs. Lucy A.
Tichenor, Mrs. J. (2)	Willis, Fannie.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say that they saw them advertised.
WM. MILLIGAN, P. M.

BUFORD, KY.

Feb. 16, 1893.—Miss Annie Bell, of Daviess county, is visiting Mrs. F. M. Hoover.

Mrs. E. D. Field has returned from the bedside of her father, Mr. Hammond Hansford, who is somewhat better.

Our Legislature has named William Lindsay to succeed Carlisle in the United States Senate. This selection was made without the vote of Ohio county, and many have been censuring our Representative for being absent, but we are glad to inform the HERALD that his absence has been due to sickness. He very much regrets having to be absent, for he would have enjoyed the honor of voting for United States Senator and though slightly inclined to C. M. Clay, would have voted for Lindsay.

Why it is true, we know not, but it is a fact that human kind are so constituted by nature, that to allow an attractive smile from the opposite sex to pass unnoticed, is almost instant death. Some carry this fondness too far, and by a single mishap, cause future years to be dark and gloomy. This common characteristic, and apparently more so with woman than man, is detected in infancy, blooms in middle life, and is a success or failure in old age. Consider for a moment the youthful days of a boy or girl, when indiscreetness is prevalent, when trials and tribulations are not known, when sweet rest is not disturbed by desire for renown, when all necessities are furnished by a kind father and mother, when daily ills are cured and forgotten before the dawning of another day and you will find social ties made which sometimes prove to be an advantage and sometimes a great detriment. This youthful fancy (as we may term it) has been carried to an extreme in some cases, and has caused some boys, as "Mary Ann" has said to "pack their freight." Who the aggressor is in such cases, we are not able to say, but a girl with noble parents, the acknowledged idol of the age, holding the destiny of the world in her hand, should be censured when she fails to take the advice of her parents and allows her girlish nature to overcome the womanhood of her inner soul. Not for a moment would we detract a single thing from woman's purity, but instead would place crowns with innumerable stars in them, on her head. But aside from this, when she fails to recognize her importance and attempts to conceal her ill-gotten gain behind an innocent man's character, then we justly and rightly say to "Mary Ann"

When her parents' loving kisses
Fail to soothe her childish heart,
Then her future should be blighted
By a once snubbed lover's dart.

BUB.

Hood's Cures.

In saying that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, its proprietors make no idle or extravagant claim. Statements from thousands of reliable people of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for them, conclusively prove the fact—HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES.

HOOD'S PILLS act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

WESTERFIELD, KY.

Feb. 17, 1893.—Mr. Charlie Moseley, student of the Pleasant Ridge Select School, was the guest of E. P. Moseley and family last Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Nettie and Estell Ralph, of Whitesville, were the guests of Miss Laura Moseley last Sunday.

Rev. D. E. Yeiser filled his regular appointment at Bell's Run last Saturday, but being engaged in a series of meetings near his home, was excused from preaching on Sunday.

Miss Lillie Kelley entertained quite a number of her friends at her home last Saturday night.

P. M. Taylor, who has been visiting relatives at Owensboro, returned home last week.

Notwithstanding the unusual number of weddings that have occurred in this vicinity recently, it is probable that ere the beautiful flowers of spring bloom, again one of our prominent widowers will be enjoying the bliss of married life. Judging from his frequent visits to the home of one of our beautiful brunets. What do you think about it, Pal?

Rev. J. S. Taylor, of Whitesville, spent several days in this vicinity last week.

Messrs. John and Isaac Jeffrey have purchased the farm of S. F. McKinley. Mr. McKinley will move from our midst in a few days. We are loath to give him up, but we wish him success wherever he may go.

Mr. Basil Westerfield, accompanied by George Hickey, of Adahburgh, has just returned from an extended trip to Marion county, Ky., where they had gone to witness the marriage of two of their cousins. They report a pleasant trip.
SARA ANN.

A valuable contribution to the evidences of Christianity is the volume on "Primary Convictions," by the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, which Harper & Brothers have just published. It comprises a series of discussions on the true characteristics of the Christian Creed—on the belief in the Father Almighty, in the incarnation of the Son, in the Holy Ghost as speaking by the prophets, in the resurrection of the body, etc.—each of which is stated in its divine simplicity apart from all particular theories on the subject. This volume will be appropriate for Lenten reading.

UNION VICINITY.

Two brothers were buried in the Williams burying ground last week. Fielding Williams was the first, then his brother, Thompson Williams, who died the 14th, living at Taylor Mines.

When twenty-six more days shall have passed by, we will look for some farming weather—so says the ground hog.

Mason Taylor sold a four-year-old mare to Harb Taylor for $120.

Silas Stevens was in our neighborhood last week, surveying. Mrs. Shelby Taylor, of Beaver Dam, visited Mrs. W. R. Chapman one day last week.

Born, to the wife of Dick Plummer, the 13th inst., a boy.

Miss Ollie Hocker, who was attending school at Beaver Dam, came home sick.

Birch Hodge is attending school at Beaver Dam. He has been a cripple from childhood, but has the pluck to walk two and one-half miles to school.

The dwelling of Alfie Dexter and its contents were consumed by fire last week. It burned in daytime, when the family were not at home. Nothing was saved. It was supposed to be accidental.
E. R. C.

A Fortunate People.
[London Statist.]

The American people are descended from, economically, the most effective race in the world. They settled in the States, taking with them a highly developed civilization and habits of law and order confirmed through many generations. They have half a continent at their command, there is even yet a vast amount of unoccupied soil, there is diversified climate, there are resources almost limitless, and there is absolutely no enemy they have cause to fear. Except to maintain internal order they are free at at this moment to disband their army and navy, certain that no foreign foe will attack them. The world has never seen a people so happily circumstanced, with such marvelous opportunities for progress and improvement.

The latest addition to Harper's Franklin Square Library is a novel by H. B. Finlay Knight, entitled "A Girl with a Temper." It is said to be an uncommonly good piece of story-telling.

——GO TO——

STEVENS & COLLINS.

——THEY KEEP THE——

BEST AND FRESHEST

Groceries, Confectioneries, Fruits, &c

IN TOWN

FARMERS!

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the farmers of this country that he is doing all kinds of

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING

For the people, at fair and reasonable prices. He confidently refers to his work at this place for

TWENTY YEARS

As a testimonial of his skill and honesty. He is also dealer in the best brands of Chilled and Steel Plows, Corn Drills, Owensboro Wagons, Wheat Drills, Deering Machines, Buggies, and Farming Implements generally. He respectfully asks a call. Yours truly,

R. H. AUSTIN, - Beaver Dam

——NEW——

BLACKSMITH SHOP

At McHenry, Kentucky,

With Jas. C. Hall, of Horse Branch, at the Anvil.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS

Smithing, Shoeing and Repairing

ON SHORT NOTICE.

Soliciting a liberal patronage, I am yours very respectfully,

D. S. DUNCAN, - - Proprietor.

Beaver Dam High School

AND

Teachers' Practical Institute.

Spring Session Opens Jan. 31, 1893

—EXPENSES:—

TUITION PER TERM OF TEN WEEKS

In Primary Department	$2.75
In Intermediate Department	5.00
In High School Department	6.25
In Collegiate Department	7.50

Board in private families from $2.00 to $2.25 per week.

We have Courses of Study suited to all and very decidedly guarantee satisfaction to all earnest students. For further information, send for Circular.

E. R. RAY, President;
DORA E. GIBSON, Vice Pres't.

What is

CASTORIA

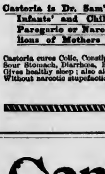
Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

Consumption



That dreaded and dreadful disease! What shall stay its ravages? *Thousands say* Scott's Emulsion of pure Norwegian cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda has *cured* us of consumption in its first stages. Have you a cough or cold acute or leading to consumption? Make no delay but take

Scott's Emulsion

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Hartford Weekly Herald.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

NIAGARA IN HARNESS

WATER FROM THE GREAT FALLS USED TO DRIVE MACHINERY.

A Great Engineering Work—Over 82,500,000 Spent for 100,000 Horsepower. There Will Be Little Diminution of the Flow Over the Falls.

No engineer ever looked at the spectacle of power displayed by Niagara falls without a feeling that it was a sense to allow the enormous energy there stored up to run to waste from eternity to eternity. The artist is content to steep his soul in the beauty of the scene, but the more utilitarian genius of American is likely to do some figuring on horsepower and available units of work. The prophecies of years are about to materialize in a great power plant which will utilize 100,000 of the 15,000,000 of horsepower going to waste over the falls, and $2,500,000 has been expended, and the water wheels will be in place and the almost will be opened.

From the early years of the ownership of the falls by the Porter family the advantages of the great water power were freely discussed, but nothing was done until about 1850, when Horace A. Dey caused the construction of a canal, which takes water from a point above the rapids and conducts it to a set of mills built on the banks below the falls and now known as Schoellkopf's mills. The Niagara river makes a bend at a right angle, and the falls are at the apex of that angle. This canal forms the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle, of which the longest side is far above the river and the shortest side the river below the falls. The mills are near the falls and are not a picturesque feature of the scenery.

The turbines which drive the millsare sunk in pits only a about fifty or sixty feet deep, and consequently their tail races discharge a hundred feet or more above the surface of the rapids below the falls, and half of the available power of the tail water brought down by the canal is thus wasted. Less than 6,000 horsepower is utilized.

The new works have reversed this plan of a long supply canal and a short tailrace. They have been consstructed on a modification of a power plan first proposed by Thomas Duershed, a division engineer of the New York state canals. The plan is to have the mills on the banks above the falls and at a distance from the scenic locality, and then to have a long tunnel to carry the waste water down to the rapids.

The month of the canal is more than a mila above the falls. As far as constructed the canal is about 1,500 feet long, 12 feet deep, and varies from a breadth of 200 feet at the mouth to 100 feet at its tuner end. Along the sides of this canal and of its branch which is to be built are sunk pits to a depth of 160 feet, and at the bottom of these pits are placed the turbine water wheels. Each of these wheels has 140 feet effective head of water over it. The water is carried down to them in great pipes seven or eight feet in diameter called penstocks. After the water had done its work on the wheels it is discharged into the big tunnel, which runs away underground to the river below the falls.

This tunnel has been the most difficult and costly part of the work so far. It was cut through solid limestone rock, but the rock was found to crumble so badly after exposure that the whole 7,000 feet of the tunnel had to be bricked up. It is in the form of a horseshoe, twenty-eight feet high and eighteen feet broad, inside dimensions. Starting at a depth of 160 feet it has a downward slope or pitch of four feet in a thousand at first, increasing to seven feet in a thousand, at its mouth where it discharges into the rapids is 214 feet below the brink of the cliffs which form the ravine. Its cross section is 365 square feet, and at the speed of twenty feet a second, with which the water will rush out of it, there will be a discharge of, about 50,400 gallons every minute.

And yet this enormous amount of water will not show any appreciable drain whatever on the magnificent volume of Niagara. It will lower the level of the grant flood only about one and a half inches. The extent and consequency of this water power can be understood when it is realized that the water service of the great lakes, with the land sloping into them and contributing to the Falls of Niagara, has a total drainage basin of over 340,000 square miles—equal to more than twice the area of Great Britain and Ireland, about 90,000 square miles more than the total area of France, and more than fifteen times the total area of Switzerland. The Hurnehon falls are to have a height of 2,000 feet wide. The channel, in the state of New York, forms the American falls, which are 164 feet high at the eastern side, and 1,000 feet wide, both falls comprising 3,600 linear feet of water.

The extreme limits of variation in the depth of the river at different times above the falls are 3½ feet, but these limits are rarely reached. The ordinary variation is about ons foot. Below the falls the extreme variation reaches fifteen feet. Generally a variation of one foot above the falls is followed by a change of level of five feet below the falls. These slight changes are of short duration, and are due mainly to long continued and violent wind or sudden great accumulations of ice.

The average discharge of water at the outlet of Lake Erie into the Niagara river is estimated by some authorities at 265,000 cubic feet a second. Moreover, as far as this or the next two generations are concerned, it doesn't matter whether there is any rainfall, for there are 6,000 cubic miles of water backed up in the little mill pond of the Niagara Falls Powor company, which is sufficient to run the falls in their present style for 100 years without the addition of a single drop from the clouds.—New York Tribune.

One of the finest collections of antique watches and miniatures is in a private house and has never been exhibited.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver and Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding these organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with sick headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c at Williams, Bell & Co., Hartford; R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam.

Advertising.

In regard to advertising, the Paris Kentuckian-Citizen calls attention to the following from an exchange:

"Recently while holding a chat on other subjects, the local paper was discussed. One farmer said he thought it had too many advertisements in it. The other replied: "In my opinion the advertisements are far from being the least valuable part of it. I look them over carefully every week, and save at least five times the cost of my paper each year through the business advantages that I get from them." Said another: "I believe you are right. I know that they pay me well, and rather think it not to be safe to find fault with the advertisements after all."

The Kentuckian-Citizen knows from long experience that these men have the right idea of the matter. It pays any man with a family to support to take his local paper for the sake of the advertisements it contains, if for nothing else.

The Largest Walnut Knot Ever Found.
[Trenton (Mo.) Tribune.]

Grundy county once more comes to the front with something that no other county has ever produced like it. This time it is a huge knot or "knurl" as it is termed by the lumber men.

This knot was discovered on the farm of Captain Tate, about five miles southwest of this city, by Mr. A. Warmoth, of St. Joseph, an explorer of walnut timber.

Mr. Warmoth purchased thirty-three trees of Mr. Tate and had cut them all but an isolated one, which stands near lowing it, as it was a small one, but his decision to cut it proved a lucky thought, as it will mean nearly $1,000 in his pocket.

The day he and his workmen went to the tree to cut it, he noticed that near the ground it began to enlarge. Upon close examination he found that this enlargement was the beginning of a knot which is highly prized by manufacturers of fine furniture and musical instruments.

It took five men all day to dig around it and cut the roots off immediately under it. The knot measured eighteen feet in circumference, and was six feet from top to bottom, and is curly as can be. Mr. Warmonth hauled the lucky find to Hickory Creek yesterday, and the latter part of the month will ship it to Cincinnati, Germany, with a cargo of walnut logs.

Last night a Tribune reporter was shown a letter from Mr. Warmoth's commission men at Hamburg, which states that the knot would bring at least fourteen cents per pound on the market and probably more. The knot weighed 5,260 pounds. At the minimum price it will bring nearly $750.

This is the largest knot that has ever been found, and will command a high price.

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These knots are sawed into boards one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness and used for veneering, and will average for the only grain of the wood. As this was tound in 1892 Mr. Warmoth calls it the Columbian "knurl," and it will probably be exhibited in Chicago before sending it to Germany.

Consumption Cures.

2,726,672.

These figures represent the number of bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which were sold in the United States from March, 1891, to March, '92. Two Million, Two Hundred and Twenty-Eight Thousand. Has handled every one of the bottles sold in one year, and each and every bottle was sold on a positive guarantee, that money would be refunded if satisfactory results did not follow its use. The secret of its success is plain. It never disappoints and can always be depended on in any very bad case of Coughs, Colds, etc. Price 50c and $1 at Williams, Bell & Co., Hartford; R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam.

"Holy Citron."
[Cincinnati Post.]

One of the most curious species of known fruit is the "holy or sacred citron" of the Jews. Its virtues are handed to the skies, and it is celebrated in legend, romance, poetry and song, and yet it appears that it is never eaten. It is known in most all Oriental countries, but appears to be most highly esteemed by the Moorish Jews of Tunis and Morocco. On the streets of the last named city it is sold at about 8 cents per fruit. These fruits are generally purchased by bands of roving pilgrims, the members of religious processions and Jewish priests.

When one of these sacred citrons falls into the hands of a priest he takes it to the synagogue, where it is kept to be used in some emblematical rite during the time of the great Feast of the Tabernacles. Not only in Oriental countries are these holy fruits known and esteemed, but in Germany, Russia, France, Spain and in England. They are probably used in American Jewish synagogues to some extent but not in use would be necessarily limited. In England, so I am informed, good specimens of holy citrons bring as much as 50 shillings each, there being whole pomegranates which make their importion a "side line."

The use of this unique fruit is supposed to be derived from the injuction contained in the twenty-third chapter of the Book of Leviticus.

Are You Suffering?

Dyspepsia is the prevailing malady of civilized life. A weak dyspeptic stomach acts slowly, or not at all, on many kinds of food. Gases are extracted, acids are formed, and become a source of pain and disease until discharged. It produces Headache, Pain in the Shoulder, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Bilious Attacks and Palpitation of the Heart. It yields invariably to the vegetable remedies in German Liver Syrup, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement. Price 25c at Williams, Bell & Co.'s Drug Store.

A Signet Ring Once Worn by Cheops.
[Philadelphia Press.]

The most curious and remarkable relic of antiquity in the world, the holy coat and the iron crown not excepted, now lies among the treasures of the Abbott collection which is temporarily deposited in the museum of the New York Historical Society. This unique memento of the distant past is nothing less than the signet ring once worn by Cheops, the builder of the largest of the great Egyptian pyramids. The finding of the ring was the crowning effort of the great Dr. Abbott's life of research among the musty tombs of the cradle of the human race. As noted above, Cheops was the builder of the largest pyramid which has been found, although it were his intention to make the structure bear witness to his greatness down through all the ages, the very stones and bricks of which it is composed are stamped with his name. Cheops lived nearly 3,500 years ago, his great pyramid being a relic of the days when the great nations of antiquity were in their youth, yet we of the last decade of the nineteenth century can have the supreme satisfaction of gazing upon the very ring he wore so proudly upon his royal finger. The hieroglyphics are very minute, yet very accurately and beautifully executed, the ring itself being of finest gold and weighing nearly an ounce. The oval signet bears the name of Cheops, which is in hieroglyphics, in perfect accord with the stamp on the bricks of the inside walls of the great pyramid. This remarkable relic was found in a tomb at Ghizeh.

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Indigestion, and Sluggish Bowels, use **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.**
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

"The Shadow Waits for Me."
[Good Form.]

Did you ever stand out in the soft sunshine of a perfect summer day and just ling yourself for joy that you were alive? Did you ever look up into the dome of an apple tree in bloom and watch a plump-breasted robin brooding a nest of blue eggs, and say to yonrself, "Who wouldn't be glad to be alive in such a world? Who wouldn't thank God for a chance along with the robins and the flowers?" Death is for the old and weary and the tired. Withered garlands and blighted trees and wasted invalids may go, creeping in the shadow of the grave—we say, but healthy, happy folks like you and I should go on living, as singing larks stay in the upper air. Death is not for us, thank God, and therefore without us has been made a child that knows no fear. And yet somewhere in the green circuit of the summer hills lies a little handbreath of turf that shall one day be piled solid to make room for last love has grown sweeter or later shall dawn a perfect morning, the searching sunlight of which shall poise and hover and settle within a clover-top that gathers the nourishment of its little life from the clods that lie upon our breast. Sooner or later a pale star shall twinkle from out the silver shadows of a twilight sky, and drop a ray like the fallen petal of a lily upon our grave. Sooner or later some one shall whisper low once more the parlor laster that drifts upon the mound beneath which this buoyant, jubilant, happy "I," shall be forever at rest. It is on its way dear hearts—the day that shall be the last day of this mortal span of our allotted time, is on its way!

The Handsomest Lady in Hartford
Remarked to a friend the other day that Ayer's Sarsaparilla Pills for Liver and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit any druggist will give you a sample Bottle Free. Large size 50c and $1. 6fr

Indians Versus Locomotive.

Mr. H. W. Vedder, the locomotive engineer, tells an interesting story of an attempt made by Indians to stop a train on the Kansas Pacific Road when it was first opened. "The Indians," he says "were very hostile, and there was a constant fear that they would wreck the trains. That they did not is due to the ingenuity of the engineer who took the best methods of destroying it. One of my firemen had an experience with the Cheyennes which he will never forget. He was on the road near Fort Wallace, when he saw that the Indians had cut the telegraph wire, and knew that he might look out for squalls. They were never satisfied with simply cutting the wire, but chopped it into inch pieces with their tomahawks, to stop effectually the mysterious messages. As the train came near a large patch of sunflowers which grew on both sides of the track, over one hundred Indians rose up, stretched a strong rope across the track, braced themselves, and prepared to receive the shock of the locomotive. As was afterward learned, they had taken rawhide strips, braided them together, and with a force of fifty to each end of the rope, thought that they would be able to stop the train. The minute the locomotive struck the rope, the air was full of Indians. They were thrown in all directions. Some were killed clear across the train, and more than a dozen were killed or severely hurt. This was the last attempt made for years to stop the trains."

Any person purchasing one socent bottle (or two 25-cent bottles) of Wm. of our Thimbleberry Remedies is entitled to the Memphis "SCIMITAR" weekly for two. Mail name of carrier and write on back your name and address plainly. PLANTATION PHARMACAL CO., Memphis, Tenn

Tha San Camel.
[Cincinnati Post.]

In year 1086 the great Hollander De Witt invented a peculiar device for lifting a vessel over a bar. Peter the Great became familiar with this contrivance during the time that he worked under the disguise of a ship-carpenter in the dockyards of Holland. This odd-looking machine is composed of two water-tight half-hulls, one side being concave so as to accommodate itself to the convex side of a vessel.

When it is required to carry a deep-draught ship over a shallow bar, the camel is filled with water in order to sink it to the required depth, then attached in a fore-and-aft position to the vessel's sides, being kept in place by heavy chains. Next the water is pumped out of the camel, and it lifts the ship. At the present time in Holland and St. Petersburg this strange-appearing machine is in use, ranging in length from 50 to 150 feet, and in breadth from 10 to 20 feet. Camels have been known to lift a vessel 11 feet.

Why pay other dealers 10c and 15c for a chill cure when Grant Plantation Chill Cure, a better one, for 50c? For sale by Williams, Bell & Co.

S. L. MITCHELL, Beaver Dam.
M. V. CANFIELD, Rockport.
The Montagues, Cromwell.
E. T. MILLER, Prentie.
G. W. BRITE, Fordsville.

Care of Lawn Shrubs.
[Leavenworth Standard.]

In planting shrubs, let the soil be rich and mellow. Set the plants at about the depth they were grown in the nurseries from which they were procured, and spread the roots out carefully, being sure to give them room enough to take their natural shape. Never crowd them into a little hole, as some do. Sift fine soil among them, and set it well by giving the plants occasional jarring. When covered, press down firmly with the hand. When the hole is nearly full, water well. This works the soil down until every crack and crevice is full, and makes it compact about the roots. Then put on the rest of the soil, firming it well about the base of the shrub.

Never allow grass to grow close to any shrub if you want it to do well. It is true that shrubs will live for years even when choked with grass; but they never give such fine flowers, and such quantities of them, as they will in a soil kept free from weeds and everything else that extracts nutriment therefrom. In autumn, spread coarse manure about each plant. In spring, dig it into the soil. In this way you keep the plants well fed.

Each spring, before growth begins, go over your plants and cut out all weak, dead, or injured branches. Aim to prune them in such a manner as to keep each specimen symmetrical. It is the secret of blooming. Prune lilacs immediately after the flowering season is over.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Are the Patagonians Giants!
[St. Louis Republic.]

It is positively a disgrace to modern ethnologists that we know so little about the language, manners, worship and general physical proportions of the people of the wedge-end of the South American Continent. I feel that it would be the proper thing for the Republic to organize an expedition for the express purpose of finding out the true state of affairs south of the Rio Negro and north of the Straits of Magellan. We have known something "a very little, it must be confessed," about Patagonia and the Patagonians since Magellan made his memorable visit to the southern apex of the West. On that occasion, in the year 1520, more than 350 years ago, and yet we of today are unable to answer the question used for a headline to this "note." Magellan named the country Patagonia because the word signifies "big feet." He also tells us that "the people are of enormous stature." Commodore Byron's "Cruise of the Dolphin," 1765, says: "On one first approaching the coast of Patagonia we saw some large stone approached us in boats. * * * They smiled at our great disproportion of stature. Their middle-sized men were 8 feet in height; their extreme, nine feet and upwards. I myself, though I am above 6 feet, stood on tiptoe, could but just reach the crown of one's head, and he was not the tallest among them by far."

Musters, who wrote a book entitled, "At Home With Patagonians," in answer to the question: "Are the Patagonians of gigantic stature?" says "the avage height of the males is about 5 feet 10 inches." Clark's "A Two Years' Residence at Santa Cruz" says "All Patagonians I saw measured well over 6 feet 4 inches in height." Gilbert's "World Historical and Actual" says "the inhabitants are large and and fierce." Again I ask the question: "Are the Patagonians giants?"

Do not let other merchants palm off other preparations on you because they have not immediately Chill Cure to apply to, agent's name is below, who guarantee it. For sale by Williams, Bell & Co.

S. L. MITCHELL, Beaver Dam.
M. V. CANFIELD, Rockport.
The Montagues, Cromwell.
E. T. MILLER, Prentie.
G. W. BRITE, Fordsville

Tocci, the Two-Headed Boy.
[Cincinnati Post.]

Tocci, the living two-headed boy who has been so extensively advertised in the daily papers of this city, arrived from Chicago yesterday morning, accompanied by his parents, brother and one of his managers, and began his engagement, according to announcement, at Kohl & Middleton's Dime Museum. Long before the time for throwing open the doors of the well-known amusement place, hundreds of people had collected in front of the museum waiting to gain entrance and look upon the wonderful doubled-bodied human being. And when the doors were thrown open and the box office ready for business, the rush for tickets was something terrific. However, Tocci was not without his attendants, which Manager Avery had wisely engaged, were on the alert and kept everybody in good humor.

Tocci is a greater curiosity than the Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, Millie and Christine, or any other doubled-bodied human being ever born. Tocci has only two legs and only one pelvic basin and trunk. Up to the region of the seventh rib he is only one. Above that he is two. Like the main limbs of a tree, two bodies branch out from the main trunk. Each body has a heart, a pair of lungs, two arms and a living, intelligent head. Each head is well educated. Each head speaks four languages.

Special to the Public.

On and after January 1, 1893, the HERALD will make a new ruling as regards obituaries, resolutions of respect, &c. We will print an obituary or resolution of 125 words or less, free of charge; all over 125 words to be paid for at the rate of one cent per word. Cash must in all amount with no one and unless the article is accompanied by the money, (stamps or currency), it will be cut down to the required space.

Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.

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A savory good housewife knows, in the difference between good keeping, delicious cooking and the opposite kind is largely in delicate sauces and palatable gravies. Now, these require a strong, delitestely flavored stock, and the best stock is

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L., St. L. & T.

Time Tables—Taking Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

WEST BOUND—DAILY.

	No. 54	No. 53
Leave Louisville	7 45 a. m.	6 45 p. m.
West Point	8 27	7 27
Brandenburg	8 42	7 42
Irvington	9 08	8 37
Stephensport	9 21	8 50
Cloverport	9 44	9 08
Hawesville	9 53	9 17
Cloverport	10 10	9 34
Stephensport	10 23	9 48
Irvington	10 40	10 05
Brandenburg	11 03	7 31
West Point	10 58 p. m.	9 05
Arrive Louisville	1 00	9 05

Trains 53 and 54 make connection at Irvington with trains on Louisville, Henderson & Owensboro Railway, east and west bound. Leave Fordsville 4 45 p. m., daily except Sunday. For further information address A. A. MONROE, A. G. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

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To be sold in Hartford by Williams, Bell & Co., in Beaver Dam by R. T. Taylor, Jr., in Fordsville by Brite & Brite, and in Hartford by Griffin & Bro., and druggists everywhere. 26&29y

—1893—

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